me sufferings-me days and nights av dreadful, dreadful pain-was going to last longer I'd be in despair. But the doctor is certain sure about it. He says I'll die within six months."

"And there's no possibility of your re-covery?" Phelim O'Rourke inquired, with a singular manifestation of interest. "You've got to be here, and do nothing but suffer, and wait for death?" 'Hush, man," the priest whispered. "It's

the truth, but don't speak it to her.' The priest and the neighbor bade the Beggs good night and departed.

CHAPTER II.

MICKEY AND THE WITCH. At daylight next morning, Micky started for the stockyard at the river's side underneath Washington Heights, driving the pig before him. He felt full of Irish patriotism, for was he not almost taking a pig to the fair? And wasn't the proceeds to go to pay the ground rent of his doomed cabin, before the eviction of his family, and the demolition of the structure? Micky lighted his pipe, and as he trudged along the road would whistle a bar or two of some reel or jig between the whiffs of his "dudheen," while his mind was filled with Lady Maud's request to bring up Nora as her own. "Why not?" thought Micky. "Heaven knows we have as much as we can do to bring up the little wans, and if one was gone there'd be more for the rest;" and then, as if ashamed of this selfish view of the matter, he muttered: "No! give away me own flesh and blood? No; better starve foorst." And then the idea of Nora becoming a fine lady and riding in her car-riage, while people would take off their hats to her, took possession of Micky's brain. "Why not, indeed? Sure, she's as pretty as Lord Lorton's daughter, and maybe I'd get a chance to be a gatekeeper or a roadmaster on the estate. Begorra, Nora can go! We'll all be rich wan o "G'long there, ye divil," said Micky, a

the pig tugged at the rope around his neck and with the natural disposition inherent in pigs to go the wrong way, he darted be-tween Micky's iegs, upsetting him. The rope slipping from his neck, the pig started ack the road he had come. Micky himself up and ran in pursuit with many a wild and wicked oath. "Bad luck to ye to wild and wicked oath. "Bad luck to ye for a racer; but I'll pay ye off for this when I catch ye," said Micky, as he ran for dear life after the porker. When he captured the pig, which he did after a long chase, he struck upon a new idea. "I'll put the rope around his waist," said he, "and then, begorra, I can drive him either way."

The stockward was reached in an hour, and Micky sought a purchaser, but no one seemed inclined to buy a single pig. He saw them in the pens by the thousand, but they had come by carloads from the West, and there was nobody to buy one lone pig. Noon passed without giving poor Micky a

opportunity to dispose of his charge.

"Come here, quick," said he, addressing a little ragged boy. "Hould this darlin' while I go to take a bite. I'm hungry, and must eat or I'll drop with the waitin'. And giving the pig in charge of the boy Micky skipped off to a shebeen, where h disposed of two great pieces of bread and took three noggins of whisky in the space of Just then an old friend of his, one Tommy

Kape, came in, "Ah, ha, Tommy! how are ye, me bould bucke? Come have a noggin wid me," said Micky. And another drink was the result. Tommy took a turn at treating, and down went two more glasses. By this time Micky was half drunk, and the thought of

the pig took possession of him.
"Il ruld hard, Tommy," said he, refusing another glass; "I'll drink no more till I sell And he zig-zagged back to the

"Here is the owner," said the boy, who by this time had got tired of his charge, and was talking to a well-to-do looking man;
"lere's the man that owns the pig."
"Do you want to buy him?" asked
Micky, addressing the man, who was an

He laughed at the proposal first, but see ing that Micky was in earnest, he listened it. A bargain was struck and the pig transierred to the custody of the new proprietor, while Micky returned to the she-brea to spend the "luck penny" with his old friend Tommy Kane. Drink after drink was now the order of the day, until Micky had spent a dollar of the money he had re-ceived for the pig, and was so drunk he could hardly stand. Tommy had dropped in a dark corner of the shebeen and gone

fast asleep.
It was quite dark when Micky started homeward, and with much difficulty he picked his way through the park skirting the Hudson and toward his cabin, two miles away. Micky was not so drunk as to forget the letter from Lady Maud and her desire to adopt little Nora, and as he staggered from one side to the other he would hiccough out: "Me little Nora will be a foine leddy, and me, her fayther, will be a gentle-

min, begorra."

He was now approaching a deep cut at the foot of One Hundred and Fourth street. This was a place where Elmwood tradition said was peopled with fairies. But Micky was filled with courage, for the whisky had fired his blood and he did not care a straw for man or devil. So, with an effort to steady his pace, and wrapping his long coat around his legs, he boldly plodded on. He had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile before the whisky began to die within him and he felt impelled to sit down on a

rock by the wayside.

Strange music was heard, as if from afar;
so soft and distant that the faintest sound
came to Micky's bewildered ears. Nearer and nearer it came; now a trifle louder, now dying away in the distance. Suddenly the grass at Micky's teet became strangely illuminated with tiny glass lamps, which hung like lighted dewdrops from each blade of grass, while hundreds of little figures, little men and women dressed in spangled green, danced and leaped about, keeping time to the fair muste. There time to the fairy music. These tiny crea-tures were not larger than pins, yet were perfect in form and features. They were a merry set, and clapped their hands with glee, and they laughed and shouted in the moonlight. Presently from their midst came one, a queer looking old fellow, with a large red nose and the most comical of faces. His little eyes had a merry twinkle, and though he was no bigger than Micky's little finger, he pushed aside his com-panions, who seemed to hold him in great teem, for they ceased their dancing and shouting at his approach, and bowed most respectfully to him as he climbed up Micky's leg and took a seat on his shouloer.

"Oh, bedad, but this is a quare party I've got into," said Micky, as he glanced at the ittle old man on his shoulder.
"How are you, me darlin'," chattered the old man while the myriads of tiny creatures

at his feet peeped from their shelter behind stalks, blades of grass and grains of sand, as if intent on Micky's reply.
"Would you like a drink of whisky, me

darlin'," again queried the Leprachain, for the old fellow was none other. "I would, indeed," said Micky. "My mouth is as dry as a limeburner's heel."

"Come along, then," said the old man jumping from Mick's shoulder to his knee, and with another jump to the ground. He led the bewildered Irishman across the road to a cabin, well lighted and warm, in strong contrast to the dark pathway. Thou-sands of little fairies, each with his little lamp lighted up, were in front of him.

"Across the road! By the powers, I'm straid I'll step on some of yer triends here and crush a thousand of them wid me feet." "Never mind them," said the old man, "they can take care of themselves; they will

leave us at the door."

And sure enough, the moment Micky and his companion reached the door of the his companion reached the door of the cabin the tiny guardians flew away, their lamps shining like myriads of fireflies in the darkness. Micky and his conductor entered the cabin. Across at the back stood a little bar or drinking stand, on which were arranged bottles of various colors. a little bar or drinking stand, on which were arranged bottles of various colors. With a bound the old fairy jumped on the counter, and, dancing a tattoo with his heels, summoned a fearfully wrinkled old lady with pointed chin and weasened face.

"Let's look inside," she said. "Do you know me, Micky Begg?" she

hissed through her blackened teeth. "Do you know me, I say?"
"Indeed I do. I've often heard of you. "The witch they call me," she shricked, "but I'm the Mother of Elmwood Rocks,

hook with laughter. "Let's take a drink, Micky."

Now, Micky was never known to refuse a drink, so he pulled his "caubeen" off his puzzled head and replied: "Drink is it? Indade I will. Here's long life to you," and he took a long pull from a cup tendered him by the old woman. His companion, the him by the old woman. His companion, the fairy man, took a drink with him, and danced a jig around the glasses on the table. "I never remember seeing this shebeen be

road before "You never traveled it at night before did you, my lad?" inquired the old woman, as she put on a little pointed hat, and, taking a broomstick from a corner, came over to the

fore," said Micky, "and I have traveled this

"Don't you want a ride, my man?" said

she.

"You're a quare lot," said Micky; "can I light my pipe?"

"Of course you can. Let me help you," said the fairy man, as ne filled the pipe, jumping in and out of Micky's pocket, each time bringing a handful of loose tobacco dust that had collected in Micky's coat. The pipe being filled the old lady plucked out one of her gray hairs, and, striking it against the handle of the broom, it spluttered into a blue flame, from which Micky tered into a blue flame, from which Micky lighted his pipe.
"Smoke away, my boy: we have a lon

ride. I'll show you many a strange sight this night. Now mount at once. Come quick, it's just midnight,"

quick, it's just midnight.

Micky straddled the broomstick. A clap
like thunder succeeded this movement, the
cabin disappeared in a twinkling and
Micky found himself sailing through the clouds riding on the broom with the witch for his companion. It was a lovely moon-light night, clear as azure, and still they vent sailing along. The moon, like a silver canoe, seemed sailing with them in the clear sea of blue. Micky could hardly hold

"Never fear, my boy," said the witch, "you'll never fall unless you mention the name of one of your so-called Blessed Trin-ity that the priest teaches you to believe in. Remember, that if you by any chance should so far forget yourself or me, your guide, as to speak the name of either of your "Three in One," that moment you'll fall to the "No fear, ould lady, I'll hould on till my

They were now fast approaching a large park or woodland, and Micky looked down on the distance below him, while his hair streamed out in the night air, for they were traveling like lightning.
"Do you see that park below there in the distance?" said the old crone.

"I do, ma'am," said Micky, in his polit-"Well, I'll show you a sight that will in-

They were now over Ireland and near a very large castle-fashioned building. Lights streamed from its main windows; long rows of carriages, with liveried serv-ants, stood at the great hall entrance await-ing the breaking up of the ball; the porch was crowded with fair ladies and fine gentlemen, the latter assisting the former to put on their wraps and shawls.

"Look down," said the witch to Micky.
"They are going home now; the revely is
over; they are laughing and chattering over the grand success of the affair. The handsome young fellow in the Hussar uniform is the lord of the manor; but see, his eyes are red with drinking, and as he bids his are red with drinking, and as he bids his guests good night can hardly stand straight on his legs. He is a wild spendthrift, cruel and heartless. You see the lady with the pretty pale face at his side. Her sad and careworn features tell the story—she is his wife. See, they are putting out the lights; the guests have all departed.

Hovering over the castle Micky and the

witch sailed again downward.
"I'll show you the inside of the castle

The roof rose from the building, revealing a superbly furnished suite of apartments. The pretty pale hostess was seated in a large chair, her face buried in her hands. She was weeping. The young lord, with hair disheveled and eyes affame with ang standing near.
"I'm tired of your whining," said he.

"Your conduct to-night gave evidence of your low origin. You disgrace me, you

"Oh, spare me, Algeron," cried the poor On, spare me, Aigeron, oried the poor lady. I've always done my best to please you, but you are so cruel when you drink." "Drink," cried he in a rage; "drink! "Tis my only refuge from the remembrance of my alliance with you—a fraud, a cheat, a nobody. Why don't you die?"
"Micky," said the witch, "keep quiet,"

for Micky's anger was getting the best of him, and he wanted to get down and kick his lordship for his cruelty to the pretty

"Do you see her face, Micky," said the crone. "Did you ever see it before?"
"Oh, murder!" cried Micky, as he got a
good view of the lady's sweet face, "it's our

"Yes, your child Nora. That will be her fate if she marries above her station. Come away." Whis! Away they flew,

over a great expanse of water, dotted here and there with vessels of all shapes and sizes, steamers crossing east and west, while long black threads appeared here and there at the lowest depths of the great body of "We are over the Atlantic ocean, Micky,

Those black strings you see are the cables that carry thoughts between the continents. Do you see that land beyond? That is America. A great country, my boy."
"Yes," said Micky; "and wid —." He
was going to say God's blessing, but remembering the admonition given him by the
witch not to mention the Deity, he added:

"With good luck I'll never lave it, nor let They had now reached the coast, fringed They had now reached the coast, fringed with great cities. The electric lights, steaming lines of railroad cars, screeching of locomotives, running from point to point, and the crowded thoroughfares of many towns, filled poor Micky with wonder.

"Whew! but we are speeding along," said Misky.

"Yes, darlin'," said the witch. "We're going to the West, the farm lands and the prairies. See that pretty white house below, set in the midst of a garden of flowers? I'll lift the roof for ye, that you may see the in-

On they swept, till they hovered over the landscape in the moonlight.
"Look, Micky. Tell me what you see?" and the roof was suddenly litted A pretty little housewife sat by the fire-side with a curly headed boy on her knee. The surroundings of the home gave token of

peace and plenty. "Listen, Micky," said the witch. "Do you know what day this is?" in-quired the wife, as her pretty face shone with the joy that filled her soul, as her

husband entered. That husband was Donnell O'Rourke. That husband was Donnell O'Rourke.

"Yes, my darling," replied the man.

"To-night is the third anniversary of our marriage. To-night, three years ago, you gave me your heart and hand, dear Nora."

"Nora?" said Micky. "Yes, it is my Nora. Oh, how she has grown; and so pretty, too. I'd like to kiss the baby."

"Ha, ha, he, he!" piped the witch. "Ye like the picture, do you? She's happy in this condition, isn't she? Here's where the true happiness awaits her. Keep her. true happiness awaits her. Keep her, Micky. Don't let the drunken lordling have her. Don't give her away to Lady

Maud. Don't give her-"
"Look," said Micky, "the couple are kneeling in prayer."

As the words, "Our Father, which art in heaven," fell from the father's lips the roof was lowered upon the scene, and Micky

and his weird companion were again on the

bed. She held Nora tight in her arms. Poor Oonah had been crving, for her eyes were red from weeping, while on Nora's long lashes tears sparkled radiantly, on each point like diamonds in a coronet. They were sleeping the sleep of innocence and peace. Nora stirred for a moment, and sneezed as if the roofless cabin chilled her.

"God bless us," said Micky as was his habit, when be heard anyone sneeze.

Banel whirl which the roof went down and friend of all who seek my aid."
"Ho, ho! ha, ha!" and the little fairy man

Bang! whir! whiz! the roof went down and Micky felt himself whirling in space. With a thump he fell to the ground. He had dreamed as he lay asleep on a rock and at the climax of his vision had rolled off. The stars were out, and he was sobered enough to see, by the position of the moor that it was about midnight.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAGEDY ON THE ROCK. Twelve strokes on the bell in Mrs. Skelly's clock announced that the minute hand had again overtaken the hour hand. The Skellys lived in a hut at the base of the rock on Elmwood Hill; and in their eyes the Beggs and the O'Rourkes, on their so cial and their physical altitude, were alway objects of prying interest.

"Midnight, an' Lord rest me tired eyes, said Mrs. Skelly, as she stopped peeping out through her keyhole with her right eve and began with her left; "it's me belafe that Oi'll be a squinter the rest av me loife, afther this night's watchin'." "Then come to bed, ye ould boshuk."

cried Mr. Skelly, "an' rest both yer eyes an' tongue." "Whist, now, ye buckaum," she said in

a whisper; "Dolf Begg is goin' up the stairs, an' that's what oi've been waitin' He opened the door of the Begg residence with a defiant wrench at the knob, and entered. Mrs. Skelly's door came simultaneously ajar, and her head was thrust out.

Her eyes were both wide open, and her ears would have been dilated, too, if she could have had her way. By going up to the top of the stairway and listening cautiously she could hear the mingled voices of Dolf and Mrs. Begg, but could not understand their words, except when Dolf said: "I'll have have it now, or I'll have your life." This was followed by gasps and means from Mrs. Begg, and those by a minute or two of silence. Then Mrs. Skelly heard Dolf's hand on the knob; but he did not turn it hand on the knob; but he did not turn it quickly, as on entering, and she had time to retreat down the stairs, to retire to her hut, to reduce the opening of her own door to a mere crack, through which she saw him come down. The color of his face had change from red to white, bravado had given place to terror, and the heavy soles of his boots had become velvet. He thrust a bunch of bank notes into his breast pecket and clanced this notes into his breast pocket and glanced this way and that in trepidation. He instincway and that in trepidation. He instinc-tively turned from the gaslight of a street lamp, as he passed close by Mrs. Skelly's door, and in doing so looked into a window pane, which, having darkness on the other side, reflected him like a mirror. Perhaps the uneven glass distorted his features; per-

downward. Mrs. Skelly did not stir until her husband called to her again to come to bed. Then she tremblingly shut the door and sat down speechless in a chair. It was a full minute

haps a true image was so different from his usual self that in his dismay he did not recognize it; certainly he recoiled from it and glided out of Mrs. Skelly's sight like a

frightful apparition, properly disappearing

efore she found voice to say;
"I do believe there's bloody murther in Begg's. Lastewise, Doli's gone wid the money. Get up and go for the police."

Skelly would not move. He commanded her with much distinctness and repetition to lock the door and mind her own busines of going to sleep. She resolutely put on her bonnet and shawl and started for the nearest police station, where she did her errand so wildly that five minutes of ques-tioning was done before any sort of under-standing could be obtained of what she had seen and heard.

went to the house with Mrs. Skelly and rapped at the Beggs' door. There was no response, and the officials opened it. Mrs. Begg was dead. Her body lay on the bed,

contorted as by a dying struggle, and on her neck were the marks that Doll's hand had made in choking her. "It's a murder," said the Captain to the detective. "Hurry to the station and send

out an alarm. Be quick!"

News of the murder spread through the neighborhood like a cry of fire, and the half dressed occupants crowded to the room; but the Captain would not let them in for fear that evidences of the crime might be obliterated in the confusion. He carefully ex-amined every part of the apartment, found nothing in disorder save the bed, and had satisfied himself that the woman had been strangled.

Micky Begg returned at this juncture. He encountered the announcement of his wife's death before he reached the rock. He was dumbfounded when they said that she had been murdered, and when they added that Dolph was the murderer, he cried:

"No, no; Dolf couldn't have done it!"

But a moment later, while he was kissing her lifeless face, two officers led Dolf in. Ke had been caught within ten blocks. A more abject wretch never heard himself ac cused of a crime.
"Did you find the money?" the Captain asked of the officers.

"He had it in his pocket," was the reply. The prisoner was taken away, and the olice remained in possession of the prem-It was not until morning that Nora, re-

turning home from an overnight visit to a girl friend, knew what had happened in the humble household. Donnell had no success in his efforts to comfort her, but she clung to him in her grief, and their declaration of mutual love were quite naturally a part of his tenders of sympathy and of her outbreaks of emotion.

CHAPTER IV. THE DECEPTION OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL

EVIDENCE. The prosecution of Dolf took the regular course unhindered. He was committed by a Coroner's jury, indicted by a grand jury, and tried by an Oyer and Terminer jury. Not one of all the jurors had a shadow of a doubt of the prisoner's guilt. His first at-tempt to steal his mother's money, his re-turn, as witnessed by Mrs. Skelly, and the sounds of his struggle with the helpless woman, followed by his flight with the money his anick except with the roll of notes still in his pocket-all made the proof positive. The \$100 and more was spent in his defense. His father was assisted by the O'Rourkes, father and son. The two families now lived in adjoining tenements, for the rock on Elmwood Hill was being

blasted away.
"But 'tisn't any use, Mora," the fellow said to his sister, in one of his few soft moments; "I've got to swing for it, and you might as well save the money. I killed her, though I didn't mean to take her life-only the cash; but the lawyers say the lack of intention doesn't make any difference, so

intention doesn't make any difference, so long as I was committing a robbery. Yes, I'm sure for the gallows."

Nora hugged him, nevertheless, and declared excitedly that they shouldn't convict him. Phelim O'Rourke was still more demonstrative. He devoted himself to wild and wholly ineffective efforts in the young man's behalf. Poor Nora was brokenhearted, and Donnell, the one reasonable person in the afflicted party, was unable to afford any hope. He listened sadly to his sweetheart's faint expectation that Dolf's jurors would not condemn him. But they did, of course, and no verdict of murder in the first degree was ever more unheaitatingly given. The sentence of death came next, and all this was accomplished within three months after the homicide. Mr. Nannery, the senior counsel for the prisoner, received

a call at his office next day from Phelim O'Rourke. The man's face had new wrinkles, his form was bowed, his eyes were "Sit down," said the lawyer, kindly.
O'Rourke took off his hat and let him drop into a chair in a way that indicated no care for bodily ease. 'Can anything more be done for Dolf?'

Mr. Nannery shook his head.
"Will you read to me once more the legal definition of murder in the first de-The lawyer read the statute, which de-

clared the premeditated and intentional taking of human life, except when done jus-tifiably in self-defense, to be murder in the first degree; also the provision which ren-dered the intention and premeditation unnecessary elements in case the assailant was at the time committing a robberv.
"Then I understand," O'Rourke contin-

ued, "that there is no possible hope of sav-Not the slightest. The case was utterly hopeless from the first." Suppose there had been no robbery. Are there no conceivable circumstances under which the deliberate killing of Mrs. Begg,

powerless as she was, would have been justifiable before the law?" "You are certain of that?"

On the day before the one set for the hanging of Dolf Mr. Nannery entered the Supreme Court chamber with more bustle than was usual with him, and elbowed his way impolitely to the front row of lawyers, whom were anxious to be heard first by the Judge.
"If Your Honor pleases," he began, "I

have a-

"I think Mr. Fitch is before you, Mr. Nannery," said the Judge.
"I am sure Your Honor and Brother
Fitch will excuse me," the perturbed lawyer rejoined, "if I am persistent. I wish
to move for a stay of proceedings in the
case of Dolf Begg, who is under sentence to
be hanged to morrow." be hanged to-morrow."

Everybody was instantly interested and

willing to give him precedence.
"The circumstances are peculiar," he continued, with a strong effort to assume his accustomed dignity of demeanor. "I need have no hesitation now in saying that I believed the prisoner guilty, and did not anticipate any interference with the inflic-tion of the penalty. Half an hour ago I re-ceived a letter from one Phelim O'Rourke, and, with Your Honor's permission, I will read it."

Mr. Nannery had some difficulty in keeping his hands from trembling while he un-folded some sheets of paper. He read as follows from a document on which, minifestly, the learned Irishman had spent much care, in spite of the mental excitement which must have attended its composition: Mr. NANNERY: In this letter I five you the means of saving Dolf from the gal-lows. In order to do so I must first ell you that on the evening of Mrs. Begg's death I attended a meeting of the Kosmie Kub, which was an association of persons for the discussion of social science. It was the last gathering we were likely to have, for all except myself were to quit the city in a lew days. Some of them, however, can be brought back to testify as to the paper which I read on that occasion. I send you the manuscript with this letter. You vill find it embodies my belief that, in thein terests of humanity, the law should provide for the killing of such persons as are hipe-lessly ill, and for whom, by reason of physical suffering, the remainder of life would otherwise be simply a protraction of agony. I outlined a plan by which, on the application of the invalid, an examinator should be made by three physicians with a view to ascertain beyond a doubt whether or not recovery was possible. If they e-ported that the case was hopeless, a prop-erly constituted authority should, at dis-cretion, order that death be caused in sone painless manner. You will find that my

paintess manner. You will find that my arguments were very full and carefully considered; but the gist of them was that the endurance of much useless suffering would be prevented; that a powerful incentive to suicide would be removed, and that seen and heard.

Having at length ascertained that a robbery had probably been committed, the police captain obtained from Mrs. Skelly the name of Dolf Begg. No description of him was necessary, for several of the officers in reserve knew him as one of the precinct's foremest rowdies, and they were sent out to the probability of the p of my companions. They thought perhaps that it was only a vagary; but, in fact, it was an expression of a conclusion forced upon my mind by the long and awful experiences of my neighbor, Mrs. Begg, and an elaboration of an idea which I had previ-

elaboration of an idea which I had previously broached in the club's meetings.

On getting home I learned that Dolf Begg had attempted to rob his mother. The witnessing of so much misery made me pity her keenly. Then she told me of the physician's assurance that she could not by any possibility recover, which I had long known, and of his opinion that she might live in constant torture six months longer. Knowing how sincerely she longed for the case of ing how sincerely she longed for the ease of the grave, I thought that it was cruel that she was compelled to keep on living. I did not believe that she would commit suicide. Next evening, as her husband was away, and her daughter, too, I went, at her request, to get a medicine vial filled. On my way through the streets I meditated on the poor creature's case in the light of my paper on the legal extinction of life for incurables and could not help regarding such a measure as truly humane. But I had no thought of a practical demonstration until I came to

the drugstore.

Alongside the building stood carbovs of acids, as usual, for they were deemed too inflammable for storage inside. Each was marked in large letters, and the words "Hydrocyanic Acid" caught my eye, I knew this was a poison so deadly that it killed instantly, and left no trace behind to killed instantly, and left no trace behind to reveal the cause of death. Here was born the idea of mercifully murdering Mrs. Begg. I hastened away in downright horror; but within a quarter of an hour I was there again, looking wistfully at the carboy. My repugnance was giving away to reason. The store had been closed for the night. Should I pull the bell and arouse the clerk to fill my vial with medianess. arouse the clerk to fill my vial with medi-cine? My hand was on the knob. Why not obtain some of the poison instead and use it? The project rapidly fascinated me. I was aware that hydrocyanic acid could not ordinarily be bought owing to its dangerous qualities, and was sold only for cer-tain purposes of manufacture. Here was the opportunity to obtain some, and without in-culpating myself. I waited until midnight, culpating myself. I waited until midnight, when the street was deserted. Then, with a heavy stone, I broke off the protruding glass top of the carboy, being carciul to keep away from the fume which crose from the opening, Nobody heard the crash, and, after watching awhile from a sate distance I tied a string to my vial, cautiously lowered it into the perilous liquid, drew it out half full, set it on the sidewalk stuck in the cook wined the woman, followed by his flight with the the sidewalk, stuck in the cork, wiped the money; his quick arrest with the roll of acid from the outside with a paper, and put it into my pocket. The druggist will, of eccurse, recollect finding the broken carboy in the morning. I went home without hav-ing fully resolved, after all, to use the

When I entered the room in which the When I entered the room in which the poor woman lay she was moaning piteously, but was unconscious. Dolf had just fled, after choking her and getting the money from under the pillow, and Mrs. Skelly had gone for the police. I did not know this, however, and supposed she was having one of her common attacks. Her writhings decided me. I would release her spirit from the body which held it in such awful durance. I dropped some of the acid from the vial into her mouth. The effect was instantaneous. She died with scarcely and stantaneous. She died with scarcely another motion. Unable to endure the sight of what I had done, I stole out of the house. Nobody saw me enter or depart. But I soon realized that it would not do to stay away. I compelled myself to return. Then I learned how my deed had been done at a time, and in a way, to convince even Dolf himself that he was a murderer. The marks of his brutal assault were on her throat, and the physicians found other evidence of strangulation; but the poison which killed her lest nothing to show that it had been

You are aware, my dear Mr. Nannery, my efforts to save Dolf from conviction, as

how they failed. No suspicion rests on me, and I could safely let him be hanged, but I must not do it. The revelation which this letter makes will save him from the gallows, letter makes will save him from the gallows, and he may emerge from State prison, where I suppose his crime of robbery will send him, a reformed man. As for me, I am convinced that my act was murder in the first degree, according to the law of the State; but I as firmly believe that at the tribunal where I shall go to be judged it will bring me reward instead of punishment. Yours respectfully, PHELIM O'KOURKE. "Under such circumstances, Your Honor," said Mr. Nannery, "I ask for a stay of proceedings in the case of my client."

"Your motion is granted," the Judge replied; "but there is another matter equally pressing. Phelim O'Rourke must be arrested."

"If he is alive," the lawyer interposed.

"If he is alive," the lawyer interposed.
But he was dead. Suicide had immediately followed the dispatch of the confes-

The dream of Micky Begg was so nearly realized, in the better times after these tragic occurrences, that he could not quite rid himself of the belief that he had really soared with a witch. Dolf Begg went to prison for a term of years instead of being hanged. Donnell and his mother were not less bereaved by the loss of their father and husband than were Nors and her father, The shadow of crime was over them all, and, although they were themselves blameless, they wished to live elsewhere than in the city of the dreadful scenes through which they had passed. So Donnell and Nora, rendered fonder by their joint sorrows, were soon married. With their parents they re-moved to a Western town, where the name of Donnell O'Rourke is already that of a promising lawyer and where promising lawyer, and where, in a happy home, the sight of Nora as the contented wife of a good husband can be had without any witch's help.

[THE END.]

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IN TWENTY-EIGHT BATTLES And Can Freely Say That He Never Got Used to It. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.1

Colonel James M. Thompson gave his opinion as follows: "The quality of courage in battle I regard as being to a large extent a physical attribute. I have heard a good deal of talk about the nonchalance good deal of talk about the nonchalance of men in action and their ease and composure after the first gun was fired, but I never took much stock in it. I went through the war in the army, and it was my fortune to be in a portion of the service in Virginia where there was a good deal of hard fighting to do, and there wasn't any creditable way to get out of it, either. I saw service in 28 battles and I can freely say that I for one never got 'used to it.' I never went into a fight without an all-prevailing sense of danger, and was always glad when sense of danger, and was always glad when it was over. Of course moral courage, high patriotism and the military spirit kept the great majority of men right up to the mark, but there were notable instances of men whose physical natures simply failed to respond when called on. They could not possibly go into a fight. A clear head and a full conception of the enormous consequences of cowardice to themselves failed to spur them to the staying point, and on the first whiz of a bullet their signals of distress

were visible to all in sight.
"A well-known New York colonel, a perfect gentleman, a scholar, a patriot and a really noble fellow, was so weak in point of courage and his humiliation so great at really being straid to face danger that he was forced to retire from the army, went to Washington, pined away and died in a few weeks. I knew another prominent officer whose friends, out of consideration for his whose friends, out of consideration for his well-known failing, used to manage, on one pretext or another, to keep him out of engagements and thus shield him from exposure. Men like that are to be pitied, not blaned. They want to fight, but their bodies actually refuse to obey their will."

paper, as I remember, excited the surprise | garded as a fruit of very precious or elegant character, is nevertheless one possessing more uses than most of the fruits of its family. In cookery it is exceedingly piquant when simply baked in an oven and piquant when simply baked in an oven and spriskled with sugar; it makes a delicious preserve, a fine marmalade, and a jelly of great delicacy, highly valued in throat troubles. Its cores and seeds have been found to be agreeable eating even after long drying, and they are full of a mucilaginous substance, which, owing to its demulcent nature, is valuable in bronchial troubles and coughs, which diluted is used in various and coughs, which diluted is used in various are washes and which is largely compound. eye washes, and which is largely compounded in what is called bandoline, lately as

ed in what is called bandoline, lately as popular a dressing for the hair as the perfumed pomades were once. Meanwhile the beauty afforded us by the quince is especially remarkable; in spring the bush of the fruit-producing kind being covered with large-petaled blossoms of an exquisite pale pink and a most delicate perfume, and the bush of the species whose fruit is not used bearing blossoms of a flaming scarlet, which gives it great value as an ornamental shrub; while in autumn as an ornamental shrub; while in autumn the great spheres of downy gold seem fairly to steam with a spicy fragrance of inde

scribable richness.

The quince is a Southern growth, found wild in Atrica and Asia, and it is celebrated throughout Oriental literature. No list of delectable fruits is complete without it there, and its aroma fills the pages of the Arabian Nights, while in classic affairs it has as many advocates as the orange in claiming to be the Golden Apple of the

An Apposition of Sizes.



Stranger-Any chance



MATRIMONIAL PRIZES

Won by American Gentlemen in the Aristocratic Circles of Europe.

SINGER'S BRILLIANT MARRIAGE. The Unhappy Union of a New Englander to a Spanish Infanta.

PRINCESS BEATICE'S AWFUL THREAT

PARIS, September 20 .- A good deal of space is frequently devoted in the American-papers to detailed accounts of the marriages between American ladies and titled or prominent European gentlemen. But, so far as I know, there has been nothing written as yet concerning the matches made in Europe between American gentlemen and European ladies. It is true that of this sort of marriage there exists far fewer examples than of the first named. The golden dowers of the transatlantic belles, far more than their personal charms, have won for them spouses of high degree in Great Britain as well as in most of the countries of Continental Europe. But scarcely any of the American millionaires have ever wooed and wedded damsels on this side of the ocean. The only exception to this rule that I can now call to mind was the marriage of the late Mr. Singer, the sewing machine inventor, whose wife, now the Duchess de Camposelice, was of English extraction.

Quite a number of American gentlemen have married French women. Among these may be cited Mr. Robert Coleman, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Cornelius Roosevelt, of New York. The wife of the latter was formerly Mile. Pierski, the charming soubrette ac tress of the Vaudeville Theater.

The most noted match of this kind was that of the Rev. Benry M. Field, of New York, who espoused Mile. Deluzy, the gov-erness heroine of the ghastly Praslin murder, which is remembered now as one of the most sensational cases upon record, though it occurred over 40 years ago. I refer to the assassination of the Duchess de Praslin by her husband and the suicide of the latter, forming a tissue of horrors not soon to be obliterated from the public mind.

A FASCINATING WOMAN.

The unhappy lady, who, as the governess to the Duchess' children, found herself, however innocently, thus mixed up in the details of this terrible tragedy, disappeared at once and totally from view. She went to New York, and under an assumed name entered one of the fashionable boarding schools of the metropolis as a teacher of French. Her great abilities, joined to singular fascination of manner, procured for her at once the esteem of her employers and the affection of her pupils. But after a time she was recognized and was forced to quit the haven of rest. Very shortly afterward she married Dr. Field, and passed the remainder of her days in peace and happiness. She died for the process of the state of

remainder of her days in peace and happiness. She died a few years ago.

Mile. Deluzy was not beautiful, but she was what the French call a "charmense." She was not only very intelligent and a brilliant conversationalist, but was irresistibly fascineting. It was this quality of winning all hearts that aroused the maternal jealousy of the unfortunate Duchess, who could not bear to see her children so devoted to their governess to the exclusion as she to their governess to the exclusion, as she imagined, of her own maternal claims. It is said that one of the near male relatives is said that one or the hearing of the engagement, of Dr. Field, on hearing of the engagement, "Wait till

of Dr. Field, on hearing of the engagement, strongly objected to the match. "Wait till you have met the lady," wrote the bride-groom expectant. The gentleman came, was introduced to her, and a ter an hour's conversation he romarked, "Well, if I were not already married, I would try to win her for mysel. I congratulate you."

A Beautiful Fruit That Can be Put to Many

Different Uses.

Harper's Bazar. The quince, which is not generally regarded as a fruit of very precious or elegant character, is nevertheless one possessing

wife, Affe. Dagion, was of talian extraction though an American by birth.

Mr. Dwight Reid, former Secretary of the United States Legation at Madrid, married a young Spanish actress.

Mrs. Humphrey Moore, the beautiful wife of the deaf and dumb American artist, is a Spanish lade.

Spanish lady. A BRILLIANT MARRIAGE. The most brilliant match ever made by an The most brilliant match ever made by an American gentleman and a Spanish, perhaps I may say a European, lady was the marriage of Mr. Charles Perkins, of New England, to one of the Spanish Infantas, the granddaughter of Queen Christina by her second husband, and niece to the ex-Queen Isabella. The wedding took place some 20 years ago at Lisbon. It was given with much state and ceremonial, though it could not take place in church, owing to the heretic principles of the American bridegroom. I regret to say the marriage did not turn out happily, or rather prosperously, as turn out happily, or rather prosperously, as a strong degree of mutual affection existed between the young couple, so that they were not really unhappy in spite of all the changes and chances of fortune. But they contrived to quarrel with Queen Isabella, who withdrew the allowance she had ac-corded to her niece; pecuniary difficulties overtook the unhappy pair, and when last I heard of the Americanized Princess she was teaching French and music in order to sup-port her husband and her little children.

Another match of that nature that ended Another match of that nature that ended ill was the marriage of Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, to the great English actress, Miss Fanny Kemble, which took place many years ago. The lady still survives, laden with years and with honors. Her husband has long been dead. They were divorced some 40 years ago, owing to a marked incompatibility of temper, or rather to a too great similarity of disposition. Both were gilted with very trying tempers, though in different styles. Mrs. Butler was quick and passionate, and Mr. Butler was coldly wrathful. The wife would flash out into a thunderstorm of anger, as quickly past as it thunderstorm of anger, as quickly past as it was roused. The husband would brood for weeks over the cause of quarrel and the subject of dispute. Moreover, Mr. Butler was a Southerner and a slave owner, and Mrs. Butler was an ardent Abolitionist. It is no wonder that their matrimonial diffiulties finally culminated in a separation.

NELLIE GRANT'S ENGLISH AUNT. Mrs. Butler, at the time of her marriage, was not only a great actress but one of the most superbly beautiful women that ever trod the boards of an American theater. She joined to a fine figure and stately bear-She joined to a fine figure and stately bearing the noble Kemble cast of countenance, a dazzling English complexion of cream and roses, and great brilliant dark eyes, while her expressive countenance was shaded with glossy ringlets of dark silken hair. Sully painted of her just before her marriage, an exquisite vignette head, which is, I believe, in the possession of an art connoisseur of Philadelphia. Two daughters and one son were born of this union. The latter died in Paris in his infancy, and was buried in Pere La Chaise. Mrs. Butter buried is Pere La Chaise. Mrs. Butler after her divorce resumed her maiden name, and has lived to see her nephew, Algernon Sartoris, married to General Grant's only daughter.

A good many American gentlemen of note have esponsed German ladies. This was the case of the late Bayard Taylor, and with the deceased George Ripley, of Brook Farm celebrity; Mrs. Ripley was a native of Stutgardt. The first wile of the late Benjamin H. Brewster, Attorney General dur-ing the administration of President Arthur, was also a German lady.

The list of English women married to

The list of English women married to American men is very long, and in many instances very brilliant. Thus Colonel Magruder, son of the Confederate General, married an English heiress. Brander Matthews, son of Mr. Edward Matthews, of New York, espoused Miss Ida Harland, the daughter of a London physician; Mrs. G. P. A. Healy, the wife of the well-known American portrait painter, was an Englishwoman by birth. So, too, was Mrs. Valen-

tine Mott, Jr., the daughter-in-law of the famous New York surgeon.

SOME ITALIAN MARRIAGES.

I now go to Italy for my next examples. One of the most recent instances was the wedding of Mr. Harold W. Pearsall and the daughter of the Marquis Otigo, King Humbert's Master of the Horse. Mr. Pearsall's step-father is Count Resse, who resides in a charming villa in the environs of Florence. His mother, Countess Resse, is the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Phelps, of New York, a lady of large wealth, and still larger views on all questions pertaining to social progress.

Long years ago the son of the famous Colonel Thorn, of New York, married Mile. Clotiide Barili, a popular Italian prima donns and half-eister to Madame Adelina Patti. Mile. Betty Rigl, the beautiful Viennesse dansense and sister to Miss Emily Rigl, the actress, became the wife of one of the sons of Mr. Thomas Whitney, of Philadelphia.

The wives of Messra. Royal Phelps, Francis Leland and Henry Heyward, of New York, and of Major Rathbone, of California, United States Consul General in this city, were Spanish South Americans. Mr. Frank Chadwick, the Boston painter, married a Swedish lady artist. Messrs. Edgar Howland and Sanford, of New York, and the son of Bancroft, the historian, encoused French ladias. SOME ITALIAN MARRIAGES

Edgar Howland and Sanford, of New York, and the son of Bancroft, the historian, espoused French ladies.

Very few of the female members of European aristocracy have taken unto themselves American husbands, in spite of the example set them by their brothers and their sons. But there are some instances of this kind.

Mr. Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, married the Italian Countess Bentivoglio; Mr. Abadie, of Philadelphia, a connection of the Bache family of that city, and one of the descendants of Benjamin Franklin, while United States Consul at Venice, wooed and won the Countess Colorado, the widow of the former Governor of Venice. She was formerly the Baroness Ronsonnet. The Marchesa Torrearsa, of Florence, descendant of the Medici family, married Mr. Walters, an American gentleman.

The eccentric Duchess of Montrose, in the The eccentric Duchess of Montrose, in the earliest days of her widowhood some 45 years ago, came near bestowing her hand on the Hon. James Buchanan, then Minister to London. Had this match ever taken place it would have held a high position on the list of alliances formed by American gentlemen with European ladies. But for some unexplained reason the project was given up. given up.

The Princess Beatrice, when her sister,

the Princess Louise, was betrothed to the Marquis of Lorne, is said to have declared that now there was nothing left for her to do but to marry a Yankee! Possibly she might have done better as the bride of some prominent American than as the spouse of Henry of Battenberg and sister-in-law to

Mile. Loisinger.

We have a few more names to record before closing this necessarily incomplete record. Thus, the wife of Mr. John Van Der Kamp, of Philadelphia, the mother of the rising young seulptor of that name, was an English lady. Mrs. Vail, the mother of Eugene Vail, the American artist, is by birth a French woman. Mr. Alfred Robinson, of New York, married Mile. de Noriega, who was a member of an old Spanish family that had settled at Santa Barbara.

But, as a rule, the history of these inter-

that had settled at Santa Barbara.

But, as a rule, the history of these international alliances wherein the husband is an American and the bride a European is hard to trace, for the simple reason that the wife, after marriage, assumes her husband's nationality, and is lost to view in the vast ocean of American citizenship. On the other hand, when an American girl is married to a titled European, she becomes a prominent social figure; her name is recorded in the British Peerage or in the Almanach de Gotha, and if she is socially ambitious, as is usually the case with the Americans, as is usually the case with the Americans. tious, as is usually the case with the American girls who contract such marriages, she develops into a society leader, or a least into a star of the society she has been called upon to adorn. HENBY LA LUBERNE.

MUST STAND ON THEIR HEADS.

Otherwise the Gas Will Escape From "I bought some champagne of you last spring," said a gentleman to a wine dealer but last week I saw some bottles in the top of a closet and took them down. They were champagne. My wife had 'saved' them, woman fashion. But they were as flat as Rhine wine. What was the matter?"
"They were standing up, were they?"
"Yes."
"Well, the carbonic acid had all escaped through the carbon.

through the corks. If they had been in a cool place and resting on their heads they would have been all right.

would have been all right.

"It takes two years for the champagne wine to properly champagnize. There is a heavy loss from breakage. When the gas develops, a champagne cellar sounds like a battle. The bottles explode with tremendous force and are dangerous. Over 20 per cent of the bottles break. That is one reason why champagne is so high priced. Bottled cider will champagnize if raisins are put in it. Some years ago I put up a barrel of cider for the White House. The steward insisted on putting a whole raisin in each bottle, I told him a quarter of a raisin to a bottle was enough; but he had his own way. The result was that he didn't have a bottle. Every bottle exploded from the pressure."

AN INTERESTING PAMILY.

One Hailroad Ticket Serves for a Mother and Seven Children. lewiston Journal. Probably one railroad ticket never carried

a larger party out of Maine than did one sold in Saco Tuesday, and everything was fair and above board. The party consisted of a young woman and her seven children whose ages range from 1 to 8 years. When the family were arranged, with the lady, the baby, twins, about 2 years, and another child on one sent, and the oldest child, another other pair of twins and some miscellaneous baggage opposite them, they formed an in-teresting group. The children were all clean and well behaved.

Nothing Impossible.



Busy Man-Yep. Get these things up h' Gran' Central before 3 o'clock. No. 208-All right, sir.



THE FIRESIDE SPHINX A Collection of Enigmatical Kuts for

Home Cracking. Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, Leutston, Maine.



751-ACEPHALOUS.

Just take a lad, both young and tend A youth, perhaps, or stripling slende With skillful stroke of saber keen, Seyer his head from shoulders clear

M. C. WOODFORD 752-DIAMOND.

white metal. 4. Hecomes ripe or peri-substances or matter from which the de, or to be made. 6. Riotously me ting with grooves or chancels. 5. 2. 8. A stroke. 10. To become

753-ANAGRAMS.

A whaler, on a fishing cruise, Did through bad luck, a big "sea

754-PAMOUS KINGS. 1. The king of industry. 2. The king of laziness. 3. The king of literature, 4. The king of the king of leanness. 5. The king of leanness. 5. The king of salouns. 7. The king of chimneys.

D. S. PAUL.

755-A TRANSFORMATION. By the side of a lake in an Eastern land,
A fairy was tripping along the strand,
When very near by, almost within reach,
A goldtish wantoniy leaped on the beach,
With a joyful cry, the fairy sought
To gain the prise, which soon was caught
Alas! too soon, for when 'twas gained'
Nothing of either in sight remained
Save a ripened fruit. Whether apple or pear,
Or luscious peach, we cannot declare:
Nor can we tell what its fate would have been
Whether eaten of birds, or beasts, or men,
Had not a bold hunter that very same day,
With the chase made weary, happened that
way;

Who, soon as the fruit came into his view, Quickly braudished his knife and cut it in to When—mirabile dictu;—into the lake. A glittering flab his course did take.

M. C. WOODFOR 1. A polyglot Bible printed in eight anguages. 2 A French electrician (

languages. 2 A French electrician (1784).

3. Certain small coasting vessels. 4. One is tasteful in almost any art. 5. An exte application of a harder consistence tha continent. (Med.) 6. Didst lend. 7. Def by words or measures.

U. R. R. 757-RIDDLE, I dwell in the water, I roam o'er the land, I tower toward the heavens in majesty grand; I'm the pride of the city, the wealth of the

plain,
A covert from tempest, a shelter from pain.
Alone with the savage I lie 'neath the sky,
I ride with the wealthy in luxury by;
Increasing by thousands, yet strange, stra to say,
With the grand march of progress I'm passing

758-REMARKABLE TEARS. If you add 1990 to an odd number of year subtract the same, the sum and the mainder will be a square.

What year of the Lord is it?

What coming years will have the a mailty?

759-REVERSAL. A verb am I; as movement fast I may be understood; But when the reading is reversed You have a knot of wood.

The bystander gave his two dimes and or The bystander gave his two dimes and cent piece to the purchaser, and his five piece and his two-cent piece to the grocer. The purchaser gave his one dellar his its two-cent piece to the grocer, and his cent piece to the bystander.

Thus, with the fewest possible changes, man received the exact amount he was tied to.

743—Blood-stone.

744—Coustantinople.

co, as snuff.

Railroad Ties of Mahoguny. fexican Correspondence Kansas City Times. 11

The next day we rode for miles through The next day we rode for miles through magnificent forests of mahogany and abony trees. It may seem strange but it is the plain truth—for miles and miles through this country the Monterey and Gulf Rallway will use mahogany ties, and the timber used in the construction of the bridges will be of the same material, and often abony will be used. Vast forests of these precious woods stretch for miles on either side of the roadbed, and the sound of the woodsman's ax has never yet disturbed the stillness of the virgin spot.

A Peculiar Superstition. Philadelphia Record.I

Superstitious people believe that children born early on the morning of September 20 will be under some strange influence all their lives. The closest conjunction of record of the planets of Mars and Saturn took place, and Venus was so near at hand that the occurrence could almost be called a triple conjunction. The event could not be observed in Pennsylvania, but the stars could be seen at 4 o'clock just above the horizon in close communion.

First Bull-Here comes a man. What Second Bull-Let's tess up.